

New Firm! New Goods!

C. W. ANGLIN,
Late of Rice, Broadus & Co.G. L. WILLIAMS,
Late of Newstead, Ky.

ANGLEN & WILLIAMS,

46 Franklin St., Clarksville, Tenn.

Have just opened and now have for sale a complete stock of

Staple & Fancy Groceries,

Fine Canning and Smoking Tobacco, Sauces and Cigars.

Which we will sell as cheap as any house in the city. We respectfully solicit a share of the patronage of the citizens of the city and surrounding country.

Goods Delivered Free to any part of the City.

Sept. 4, 1880-ly.

G. N. BYERS,

Fire and Life Insurance Agent,

For Fire Insurance, represents

THE FIRE ASSOCIATION

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN,
THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE,
THE QUEEN, THE WESTERN,
THE IMPERIAL AND NORTHERN.

Is Agent also for the

MUTUAL LIFE OF NEW YORK.

The Largest and Cheapest Life Insurance Co. in the world.
Office: Franklin street, over Anglin & Williams grocery.
Oct. 9-14.

LATEST STYLES,

BEST SELECTION,
LOWEST PRICES.Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silverware and Spectacles.
Call and see them atL. GAUCHAT,
57 Franklin Street.Special attention to repairing.
All work warranted.

S. B. STEWART,

DEALER IN

Drugs and Medicines,

Paints, Oils, Toilet Articles,

Stationery, School Books, Etc.

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Clarksville, Tenn.

I cordially invite my friends and former patrons to come and examine stock and prices.
August 10, 1878-19

J. F. WARFIELD,

PROPRIETOR OF

The Peoples Drug Store!

(OPPOSITE FOX & SMITH'S)

Franklin Street, - Clarksville, Tennessee,

Keep constantly on hand a full supply of

Pure Drugs, Stationery, Fancy & Toilet Articles,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Paint Brushes, School Supplies, etc.
Prescriptions accurately compounded both night and day.
Respectfully,
J. F. WARFIELD.

PITMAN & LEWIS,

DEALERS IN

FASHIONABLE

CLOTHING,

HATS,
FURNISHING GOODS.

Clarksville, Tennessee.

BLOCH BROS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

11 AND 12 FRANKLIN STREET,

Clarksville, - - - Tennessee.

Just received an elegant line of

Cloaks, Dolmans, Shawls, Corsets,
Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs,
PRINTS, ETC.OUR
Boot and Shoe Department

Has received considerable additions lately, and is now the most complete we have ever shown. To the customwork of Ziegler Bros. and of the Bay State Co., which we have been keeping for a number of years, we have added that of other manufacturers, which is equally good, among others, the

CELEBRATED SOLAR TIP SHOES.

Which have proven very popular, and are the best shoes made for children.

We are now offering new Carpets, Oil
Cloths, Rugs, Windowshades, Etc.,
at greatly reduced prices.

To those in need of an

Overcoat, Ulsterette,
Business or Dress Suit,
Men's or Boy's,
Good Underwear,
Cardigan Jackets,
Hats,
Scarfs.

Dress Shirts.

We hold out extra inducements. By keeping a large stock of everything, which we buy for cash directly from the manufacturers, and by strictly honorable dealing we can make it to your advantage to patronize us; our prices will ever be found as low as the lowest. Country merchants supplied at lowest wholesale rates.
Respectfully,
BLOCH BROS.

A T COST

Close Out.

ALSO A HANDSOME COTTAGE

RESIDENCE FOR SALE!

Having formed very satisfactory business associations in Nashville, I wish to close out all my interests in Clarksville, and to this end, will offer from this date my entire stock of

BOOTS,
SHOES,
HATS,
CAPS,
NOTIONS, ETC.,

At Strictly Cost

FOR CASH.

I will also sell my store fixtures, consisting of one large

Hall's Fire-Proof Safe.

Upright and Counter

Show Cases,

Mirrors, Etc.

This sale is positive, and will continue from day to day till the stock is closed out. All are cordially invited to avail themselves of this opportunity at once, as I wish to close out just as soon as possible. My stock is now complete and consists of

"Oh, Harry, what will Aunt say?"

Phil Randall's head peeps in at the door, and he whispers:

"Time's up."

"It does not make the slightest difference what she says; we will be beyond her wrath. Now, Jessie, if I succeed with my plan, I will ride down to Cedarwood and tie a bit of scarlet ribbon on the gate-latch, and you must not fail me, little girl."

Mr. Randall has come to take her, and with a pressure of the hand, she is gone.

"Come, Katie, we shall take our stand just here."

Strange coincidence, but they stood immediately before the grim dagger. They are dancing now, curving through the quadrille. Who does not love the old-fashioned, generous quadrille? There all can enter and caper to their hearts' content. The polka, waltz and redowa, not unlike some other of our modern customs, are too narrowly exclusive.

Later, as the two friends stroll down the street in the early light of the winter morning, young Effie is saying, excitedly:

"The whole arrangement is sound as a top. I will ask the party to drive with me down to the bend, and I will go around alone and get Jessie. I will have the person waiting at the 'Immanuel.' We will be married, then off down Laxton road."

"Old vixen! I should take the greatest delight in pulling her nose off."

They are standing in one corner of the ball-room of the Gaff; the dancers are whirling to and fro in cool indifference to the young man's dilemma. The spirit and sport of Christmas eve is abroad; and such a Christmas!—clean, crisp and white. This morning nature put down a spotless carpet for the coming festivities, but alas! for its purity; the tread of hurrying feet and rushing wheels have effaced its fairness. Mine host of the Gaff is ushering in the old, old holiday with reckless liberality. Such a crowd, such music, such a bill-of-fare. The good, the gay, and the sober are out to do honor to the entertainment.

But, despite the fine advantages, a cloud still hangs on the handsome brow of Harry Effie.

"I say, Harry, why don't you have a turn with the girl while the old lady naps? You know she could never hold her eyes open five minutes."

"Nap indeed," he returns with fine contempt; "that looks like it."

Stiff and straight against the opposite wall sat the dowager, and standing near, with a couple of her admirers, was the object of young Effie's admiration.

"Did Jessie tell you?"

"Yes; and she was awfully frightened, poor little girl. She dreads a scene."

"What has the old lady got against you, Harry?"

"Nothing. She is simply visiting my father's sins on my head, and will not even explain her dislike for him. I'll wager a basket of champagne that he jilted her fifty years ago."

The dance goes merrily on. Young Effie stands in moody silence, with his eyes fixed on Jessie Burrows. He is a gentleman of taste—she is worth looking at. The innocent beauty of lip and brow, the wine-colored velvet robe, with the clusters of cream and scarlet roses, grouped at belt and throat, are worthily engaging. He is recalled by his friend's voice.

"I say, Hal, I'll go around and have a dance with Jessie, and we will slip into the cloak-room. You meet us there, and you can have five minutes with her, if no more."

"The very thing, old man," he says, with a long, low whistle, and steps within the shadow of the gate to await the issue. A minute passes; then he sees a little figure running swiftly down the carriage drive, and steps forth to meet her.

"Oh, Harry, I did not think you were coming; I waited here half an hour."

"How could you doubt me, sweetheart? But hurry up, little girl, we must be off." He tucks the robe around her, takes up the lines and the spirited horse dashes down the road.

"Hurrah for Effie!" is the glad cry as he comes in sight. No thought of care now; they know the poor, duped old woman can do nothing against their fleet horses and light sleighs. On, on back to the city. The gleaming lights have come in view; a few more minutes and the tired horses stand before the "Immanuel." The couples dismount and enter four to each aisle, and Harry Effie follows with his lovely stolen prize. How warm and bright and still the church is; how unique the costumes. Furs and scarlet robes and warm wraps make up the ladies' toilette, and the gentlemen in great coats and mufflers. No need to lay them aside, for they are to start immediately for the race down Laxton road. The ceremony ends and they file slowly out. In the vestibule there is much kissing and hand-shaking and giving good wishes. Out again into the wintry night. Now for the sport. The prize is won, doubt is settled and only pure enjoyment beckons ahead. Down the white Laxton road the merry party go. Snatches of song and cheery ring out on the clear air. Over slope and level, upland and dale the red cutters fly. As the moon mounts higher, the eye can trace the white landscape for miles. Nature is hung with jewels in honor of the nuptials, and "all goes merrily as a marriage bell." At last the horses' heads are turned homeward, and the drive is made more soberly. It all seems a dream to Mrs. Jessie Effie. A few hours back, in the presence of her grim aunt, and now—now all is heaven. They halt in the square to say good-night. As Phil Randall pulls up with the company, he says:

"Whenever you want another old

Franklin Bank,

FRANKLIN STREET,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

BUYS AND SELLS EXCHANGE

NEW YORK, MEMPHIS,
NEW ORLEANS, CINCINNATI,
LOUISVILLE, SAINT LOUIS,
And all accessible points.

Prompt Attention to Collections.

W. S. POINDESTER, Cashier.

Jan 18 81

FOR THE CHRONICLE.

FOUR MRS. MONTAGUE.

BY B. E. H.

"Do you know what I have a strong inclination to do?"

"Can't imagine."

"It is to take old Mrs. Montague by the nape of the neck and pitch her out that third-story window."

"Do take your revenge in a little milder manner, and remember 'the rarity of Christian charity.'"

"You had better jog her memory as regards that. Why, do you know, Phil, that she has actually forbidden Jessie to dance with me to-night?"

Harry Effie's face darkened as he spoke.

"Old vixen! I should take the greatest delight in pulling her nose off."

They are standing in one corner of the ball-room of the Gaff; the dancers are whirling to and fro in cool indifference to the young man's dilemma. The spirit and sport of Christmas eve is abroad; and such a Christmas!—clean, crisp and white. This morning nature put down a spotless carpet for the coming festivities, but alas! for its purity; the tread of hurrying feet and rushing wheels have effaced its fairness. Mine host of the Gaff is ushering in the old, old holiday with reckless liberality. Such a crowd, such music, such a bill-of-fare. The good, the gay, and the sober are out to do honor to the entertainment.

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"Whenever you want another old

woman foiled, Harry, just come to me at the old stand."

"My dear fellow, we can never forget your kindness, and if you ever have occasion to steal you a wife, may you meet just such luck."

A jaunty tilt of the cap, and the outbursts of the crowd.

For the CHRONICLE.

THE MISSION OF THE WIND.

BY EVA.

One night in the early spring-time there arose a great sighing from the reeds which grew beside a silent river.

At last from their pain was born a little breeze, and as he rested lightly on the yellow reeds, they bent their slender heads down and kissed him. "Dear child of our love," they gently whispered, "we have given you life in obedience to our master's will, but you must in the twelfth hour of this night go from us. To you it is ordained to perform a holy mission, and we must let you out of our arms. You will spread your tiny wings and float over the silent river to the restless sea which lies beyond. You flowing tide goes into it, and thus you will find it. Turn westward then and fly over towards the sunset until you reach a strange Venetian city built upon the ever-surfing waves. Once there, your mission will be found." The musical voices died away in broken murmurs, and the reeds opened their arms.

The little Wind spread his soft, gauzy wings and flew over the darkly-moving river. For days and days he followed its course until one evening at twilight a mass of blight washed into view. The slight allied him with nature, and his wings grew suddenly strong. He has reached the sea. With an exultant shout he widens them and flies away and away. At last lights of a white-walled city are beneath him, and he reaches the spires of a great cathedral and hangs hovering there. Then he swiftly descends, reaching its arched doorway, and watches with quivering sighs the scene within.

The church is dimly lighted by waxen tapers, and sweet music is sweeping through its aisles, sweeter far than even the song of his beloved reeds. At the marble altar a girl is kneeling whose golden hair makes an aureole about her head, and falls in silky lengths down her shoulders. Her fair face is raised in prayer, and from beneath the tender eyelids tears drop upon the pearly cheeks. "I wonder what makes her weep and look so sad," he thought, and he softly touches her hair, the girl, with a glad cry, lifts her face, now drooped upon her arms, and cries: "The dear Christ has heard me, for the breeze has come." She hastens to the sick and suffering ones, and the Wind follows her gladly. All night long he fans their fevered brows and parched lips, and at early sunrise catches the red death floating over the city, into his strong young arms; he hurries out over the angry sea and casts him into its restless fury.

When at eventide he goes back once more and sails by the dim old palaces, a face looks out of an upper casement so full of pain and despair that he involuntarily stops to see it. As he looks at its weariness the voice says: "Oh, God, have I toiled all these years in vain? Must this exquisite conception be always dead because I cannot catch the divine expression given by light and shadow? Must my picture live only in my head because I cannot do this—cannot make it speak to men from lack of this one subtle touch?" The Wind in his great pity comes nearer, and glancing through the window, sees upon the opposite wall a wonderful painting. A thorn-crowned Christ hangs bleeding to the heavy cross, and the cruel, jagged nails are in his hands. At his feet stand the jeering soldiers, and the interests of his constituents and the devil holding the sponge so filled with bitterness. But upon that beautiful face, with its broad, white brow, there is a lack of something. Even the Wind is aware of this, and he wonders what it is. As he gets closer and closer to its loveliness, his wings are lightly stirring the heated air, and it causes the canvass to sway back and forth. Sadly the artist turns his face towards it, this thing which is the joy and yet the sorrow of his life. He has failed so long upon it; he has spent time and love and all the genius of his soul, only to be baffled in the end. As his eyes fall upon it, he cries wildly: "I have it at last, thank God! I have caught at last that divine expression of perfect patience and love which has haunted me always," and snatching up his colors, he rapidly touches the face here and there. Then flinging them down, he falls upon his knees, while great sobs shake his slender frame. "Dear Christ," he says at last, "to the Wind of the night do I owe that heavenly look. As it swayed over by its breath in this fleeting light, there fell upon your face that perfect and holy resignation which nothing earthly ever wore. The world of men will know me famous, a genius to-night, but only the Wind and I know the secret. Dear Wind, I bless you." "I am repaid," says the Wind later, as he floats over the light gondolas below. "I am repaid for my long and weary flight over river and sea. When I fly through the length and breadth of this fair Italian land, going to all that I can, I will then go back to my beloved reeds and die in their arms. As he speaks, there glides beneath

a gondola laden with Persian violets.

"O for a fresh, sweet wind," says a girlish voice, "to revive my drooping flowers. They are for the bier of a little dead child, and I fear they will be scentless and withered ere we reach it." In a moment the Wind blows gently upon their faded petals, and revivifies them.

The girl watches them with kindling eyes and with joy. "They will not die, for the Wind is near," she says in clear, sweet tones, and they drift then down to the marble steps.

The Wind stayed thus in the grand old city until the moonlight went by and his mission was almost done. At last he thinks as 'tis nearly time for the New Year to be born, he will fly home to his beloved reeds. He has grown so strong and lusty now that he does not mind the journey, and flying swiftly through the dark old forests, he hears the sea.

There is one more good deed for him to do, though he knows it not, and as he roams above the grand old trees, an earthly voice again calls to him. "Oh, Wind of the night," it says, "atop down and take me in your arms. Dear Wind, I am so desolate and alone." The Wind's great heart is throbbing with sympathy, and he ceases his flight and looks downward. Beside the ashes of a dying camp-fire, with her head resting upon a dead horse, whose slender limbs are scarcely cold, lies a Spanish Gipsy girl. The Wind is wordless with amazement. "Yes, dear Wind," she is saying, "he has left me. He has slain this gallant steed as a sign of divorce between us, and left me forever. Oh, Wind, he was fairer than I, and he drew him away, but I loved him so, I loved him so." Great tears are in the Wind's eyes as he hears her, and he lays a hand upon her burning hair. Suddenly something there snapped, and the red life-blood gushed over her lips. "Die," she says faintly; "dear Wind, take my soul to thy arms," and the Wind took this pure white thing in its embrace and flew upwards until a golden city was reached, and its gates stood wide to receive it. On his downward flight the chimneys were sweetly ringing in a New Year. As the Wind met and passed him, they bade each other God-speed, and he went upon his homeward journey. He reached at last the silent river, and then his beloved reeds, who opened wide their long arms and drew him to their hearts; and the Wind rested there always, saying only, "I have come."

THE TENNESSEE SENATORSHIP.

Under the above heading the Nashville American of last Sunday has a most sensible article. We would gladly, but for want of room, print the whole of it. The following is its conclusion, which we most heartily endorse:

Senator Bailey is filling out an unenviable term, of which he has served not quite three years. With-out regard to differences, it is usual and proper in such cases to return a man who has committed no blunder, violated no trust and exhibited no remarkable ability to discharge the duties. Senator Bailey has done more, winning the admiration of every democrat, the plaudits of the democratic press throughout the country, and the political respect and personal esteem of the republicans of the state.

The democratic side of the chamber, were exceedingly solicitous that he be returned to his seat. While he has won the respect of his opponents, at a time when it is most important for southern members to show by their action and bearing that they are not the enemies of the true constitution, no man at home or abroad has ever had cause to doubt his close adherence to that democratic faith to which he is rooted and grounded. A man of decided convictions on every question of state and national policy and so clear in his reasoning, so firm in his views, or say that he ever held his constituents in favor when the interests of the people were at stake, yet he has not been guilty of denunciation or vituperation of those with whom he disagreed. On the contrary he has met the strongest of those opposed with unflinching calmness and parted with them retaining their personal esteem. He has been always conservative and moderate and never a party partisan. Who one of his constituents has failed to approve any measure he has advocated in the senate? No man has ever made more reputation in the dignified body in less time or devoted himself more assiduously to the interests of his constituents and the whole country. For lucid, logical debate, clear reply and rapid arduous committee work, he has made an already enviable reputation. Even metropolitan republican papers, while agreeing with him, have departed from their usual custom to commend him in debate for his breadth and frankness. His speeches have been admired for their clear English, simplicity of style, clear-cut logic, breadth and liberality and knowledge of fundamental principles of government. His originality and originality, with Edmund's close logic and without his partisanship, will reflect on Tennessee the credit Edmund reflects on Vermont, which, without its Edmunds, would be unknown in national councils. He has done his state honor and service, and the only fault to be laid to the interests of Tennessee, as he saw them, which made him deliberately reject the position of his duties as a citizen. He could not separate the senator from the citizen, or forget that he was a Tennesseean before he was a senator. If he has proved worthy of every trust reposed in him as a senator, it will be during the speaker by J. H. Hays, before he was a senator. He has also spoken when his counsel was asked and discharged also what appeared to him his duty as a man. The influence of such a man, of liberal, progressive mind, is needed now in the senate, needed by Tennessee and by the whole country.

If he has fulfilled every trust, if he has violated none, why approve and dismiss? Why not approve and re-elect? What prevents? What prevents? Not the low-tax men, for he could not have been elected before without the co-operation of some of the ablest and strongest of that faith, at a time when he occupied the highest ground. Since that time he has gone half way in the practical statesman's desire to secure the practical in conciliation—as far as his views and convictions would allow him to go, and no man can do more.

Not the masses of the state, for he has discharged the trust they reposed in him to their satisfaction. Cannot Senator Bailey better afford to lose the seat than Tennessee can to lose his services? Can the state afford to set a premium upon refusing to vote the people? When conventions on one side are outpoken they are also drawn out on the other side, and in much carnage and bloodshed, the result is that a man speak out honestly wrong and draw the fire of truth from the other side, and the result is that the people of Tennessee are not yet ready to condemn outspoken conviction, mainly, moderate declaration of views as to public affairs by public men, even when they do not concur.

The local issues as to which democrats disagree have been fought over until we have fought into mutual esteem. They have no figure to cut in this election, and nothing to do with the duties of the senator, although being a senator does not absolve a man from the duties of a citizen. We need such men at least as much as they need us.

The time has come when somebody must see the way out of this difficulty, which none seem to care to discuss or to solve. After a long and earnest study we have concluded that the only way out is the one way by which no man sacrifices pride, honor or conviction, when the state will be well served in the result, by the election of a moderate, conservative, liberal man, whose position has made him now the available man. We do not assume that he is the only man who can serve the state. There are other aspirants and their friends who will not agree with us; but circumstances and service ally rendered have given him a foremost place, and this is no reflection upon any other man. That it is so is simply a fact which goes along with duty and burdens as well as with honor—honor because it is a trust from the people of Tennessee; but, after all, a disagreeable post of hard duty, under a republican administration, requiring boldness, stern adherence to convictions, as well as liberality and a catholic spirit, progressive thought, as well as conservatism.

Frank in dealing with this important subject, candid with the public and exhorting them to a desire to develop the best policy, we shall admit, contrary to usual rule, without charge, communications respectful in tone and moderate in length, presenting other views and the merits of his aspirants.

The Mail in His Pocket.

A New York Sun reporter asked the veteran Foster, editor of the Sportsman, if Senator Conkling was interested in Foster's letter.

"He is interested in Garfield just now," Mr. Foster replied. "He took a sudden interest in Garfield just after the Maine election, and was fishing at that time, if you remember. It reminded me of an old negro fishing from the dock at the foot of the main street in Portland. There were several little colored boys playing around him, and one of them fell overboard. The old man dropped his line and pitched after him, and he came up with Garfield in his arms, and the people of the dock threw a line to him. When they were hauled out, every body praised the old blackamoor for his heroism."

"Is the little fellow your son?" asked a bystander.

"No," replied the old negro, "but he was, the inquirer observed, 'because you pulled me out of the water, and he was the matter with Conkling. Garfield had all the bait in his pocket.'"

A. T. Stewart's Body.

Gait, in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The body of A. T. Stewart has never been recovered. That is the information I have from persons who have been to Judge Hilton. The thieves who stole it relied upon a woman's weakness to redeem the body at a costly price. But for the sake of religious feelings Mrs. Stewart's friends appealed when they told her she purchased these poor bones no more money than she gave for the body. The old negro opened his eyes. "Why, de Lord bless you, man," he said, "de body had all de bait in his pocket. Garfield had all the bait in his pocket."

How Many?

Henry was asked "How many boys are there in your class?"

"If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haman's sons, subtract the number of each kind of clean beast that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; subtract from this the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, subtract the number of persons of men saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the answer."

A Snake in Bed.

Nashville Banner.

An old man named James Hargis, lives near Epsom Springs, Sumner county. On arising from his bed one morning recently, he complained of being very much disturbed by the snoring of a snake, which he said was about his bed. Search being made it proved to be nothing less than a rattlesnake which had taken up its abode in the straw bed, and when the old man would turn over it would disturb his snoring, and he would complain in his threatening manner. Two more were killed the same day in the house, one in a crack between the logs the other on the floor.

GEN. HAZEN HAS BEEN APPOINTED

Chief of the Signal Service Bureau, Gen. Meyer, deceased.

President Harrison has retired Gen. Ord, promoted Gen. Miles to the vacancy, unassigned. Gen. Augur is sent to Texas to command in place of Ord. Col. Hunt of the Fifth artillery, succeeds Augur in command of the artillery school at West Point.